O, the Diuell take ſuch cooſeners, God forgiue me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, I haue done.
*Wor.* Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leyſure.
*Hot.* I haue done yfayth.
*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliuer them vp without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your ſonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed,
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate, welbelou'd,
The Archbiſhop.
*Hot.* Of *Yorke*, is it not?
*Wor.* True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at *Briſtow* the Lord *Scroope*.
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And onely ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
*Hot.* I ſmell it: Vpon my life it will doe well.
*Nor.* Before the game's afoote, thou ſtill letſt ſlip.
*Hot.* Why, it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland* and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.
*Wor.* And ſo they ſhall.
*Hot.* In fayth it is exceedingly well aymd.
*Wor.* And tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeede,
To ſaue our heades, by rayſing of a Head:
For, beare our ſelues as euen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

*Hot.*